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Lillie Pozer 8228,398

A Famous Nurse.

(By Henry Derren, Author of 'A Noble President,' etc.)

Drip, drip, drip! Swish, swish!

The rain fell in persistent showers, soaking the street pavement, and falling dismally from the house roofs.

Bertha stood at the window, looking as dull as the sky overhead. She was tired of indoor play and she dared not go walking.

Presently she caught sight of Aunt Ruth crossing the road for a visit to the house.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND HER FIRST PATIENT.

At once Bertha's face cleared, and she darted downstairs and flung open the hall door.

'Oh, aunt, dear, I am glad to see you!' she exclaimed. 'Do come in. Mother has had to go out, and I am all alone, and—rather miserable. Only a minute ago I was wishing you would come.

'Were you, darling?' said Aunt Ruth, giving her niece a loving kiss. 'Well, then, I'm very glad I came. Let me get my cloak off, and then we'll see whether we can't have a cosy time till mother comes back.'

In a few minutes auntie had divested herself of her damp clothing, and was seated before a bright fire in the sitting-room. There was a thoughtful look on her face, which all her little niece's hurried chatter could not quite dispel.

Bertha presently noticed that she seemed to be having all the conversation to herself, and after a while she inquired, 'Auntie, is anything the matter? What makes you so quiet? Is it because of the dull day?'

'No, darling,' replied her aunt. 'I am thinking of poor Tom Mills; he is very ill, and I have been nursing him a little.'

'How kind of you, aunt! But you have always been fond of nursing poor sick people, haven't you?'

'Not quite so fond as some one who set me a noble example,' said Aunt Ruth, as her face suddenly lighted up with a sweet smile.

'Oh, who was that, Auntie? Do tell me.'

'Florence Nightingale.'

'Oh,' said Bertha, slowly. 'Wasn't she the lady who went to nurse the sick soldiers? Isn't there a story about that? Do you know it, auntie? Will you tell me about it, please?'

Auntie Ruth laughed. 'One question at a time, my dear,' she said. 'Yes, there is a story about Florence Nightingale, and you shall hear it if you wish.

Bertha did wish, of course; and, drawing her chair closer, waited all expectation for the story.

'Well,' began Aunt Ruth, with an air of recollection, 'you may like to know, first, that Miss Nightingale was born in Italy, in the year 1820, and named after the beautiful city of Florence—the place of her birth. She was the younger of two daughters. Her father's name was William Shore Nightingale, and he was a wealthy land-owner in Derbyshire. In that county, at the manor of Lea Hurst, Florence spent her earliest years. It was a lovely place, and the little girl revelled in the delights of her beautiful English home. Nothing pleased her more, we are told, than to wander hither and thither along the country lanes, and through the wide fields, gathering flowers of every color and kind; indeed, her love for flowers became almost a passion.

'One day there happened an incident which seemed to determine the bent of her whole after life. She was riding on a favorite pony over the hills in company with a clergyman, when she saw a flock of sheep running here and there, regardless of the voice of the old shepherd in whose charge they were. Wondering at the sight, the two riders ascended the hill and drew near to the poor man, whom they both knew very well.

'"Where is your dog, Cap, Roger?" asked Florence.

'"Well, miss," replied the shepherd, "Cap can't work no more. Some boys got to throwing stones t'other day, and one hit him on the leg and smashed it. He just crawled into the hut, and there he have lain ever since a-moanin' with pain. It would be a kindness to put him out of his misery, and I've made up my mind to do it to-night.'

'"Oh, Roger, how can you! He may get well still," exclaimed little Florence, with her eyes full of tears.

'"Well, Miss, you see he don't get better; and how can he? Don't you be vexing yourself. Good day."

'But the tender-hearted little girl could not forget the poor dog lying in pain. She rode to the hut, and borrowing a key, unlocked the door. The dog growled when Florence entered, but she soon succeeded in soothing him. Her companion examined the leg, and found that, though badly hurt, it was not broken. Then Florence knelt down and gently tended the injured limb, fomenting it and binding it up carefully. Day after day did she tend her poor dumb patient, and in the end faithful Cap was restored to his delighted owner.'

'What a dear, kind girl Florence must have been!' exclaimed Bertha, with admiration in her eyes.

'Yes,' rejoined Aunt Ruth, 'And that first nursing case made a wonderful impression on her character. As she grew older

she tended the sick and aged in the parish, and by-and-bye came the call to her noble life-work. In the year 1854 the great war between England and Russia broke out, and hearing of the terrible sufferings of our soldiers on the battlefield, she resolved to leave her beautiful home to go abroad and nurse them. It was a bold undertaking, fraught with great danger; but Florence Nightingale had consecrated herself to the good work, and so she bravely set out for the Crimea. I cannot tell you now, of all her patient, self-sacrificing labors for the wounded soldiers. She nursed them all through the war with true devotion; and when she returned to this country her heroic services were gratefully acknowledged by the people of England, from the Queen downwards.

'And, best of all, her sympathy and her tenderness in caring for the sick and suffering caused greater attention to be given to the work of nursing, which is now regarded, and rightly, as one of the most noble and honorable professions in which women can engage.

'Now, you know, Bertha, what first led me to do a little sick nursing for our own poor neighbors.' Here Aunt Ruth paused.

'Thank you, auntie, dear, for your true story,' said Bertha. 'I don't think I shall ever forget what you have told me about good, kind Florence Nightingale; — and there's mother knocking at the door!' — 'Children's Friend.'

What a Geography-Book Did.

It must be very pleasant to live in Japan. Shall I tell you why? Because the children are so well-behaved.

We know the Japanese children must have evil hearts and the same temptations to do wrong which English children have, but still we are told they are naturally more gentle, more obedient, and more easily controlled than the young folks of some other countries. And when we hear the accounts which missionaries give of them we sigh and say—

'How nice to be a teacher or superintendent in a Japnese Sunday-school, or to have a group of such children round us at our own fireside!'

But it is only of late years, as perhaps you know, that these little Japanese have heard about the 'Friend of little children.'

Hardly forty years since the name of Jesus was utterly unknown amongst them. The Empire of Japan dates back to a time hundreds of years before our English history begins, but all that long time the people were what is called Buddhists, and worshipped idols. Instead of the one true God, they had eight million idols! Their Emperor, too, they almost worshipped, calling him 'the Sun of Heaven,' and on their national flag depicted the sun rising out of space.

Once some Spanish Jesuits got a footing in the island, but were driven away; and this was the notice henceforward posted up in their streets:

'As long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan. If the King of Spain himself were to come, he should pay for it with his head.'

And so the notice remained for nearly three hundred years. The men and women and little children lived and died, and knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the heaven which might have been theirs through him.

By-and-by the Japanese woke up to the idea that they might perhaps improve themselves by intercourse with other nations, and by degrees they began to adopt European ways and crave for European knowledge. And about this time there fell into the hands of a young Japanese a geography-book, which he began to study eagerly.

But he had not read far before he got sorely puzzled. This is what he read: 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' A sentence from the bible, of course; but he knew nothing about the bible, and read it as a bit of geography.

'What does it mean?' he asked. 'Who is God?'

None of his friends could tell him, for nobody knew.

'I will go to America,' he said. 'It is an American book. They will surely tell me there!'

But it was not easy to go, for at that time nobody was permitted to leave the country without permission. At last he stole away by night, and in due time reached America. There he asked the same question, but, alas! the so-called Christians were engrossed in business or pleasure, and could give him little help.

God led him at length to a real Christian, who delighted to teach such an inquiring mind the truths of the gospel. The young Japanese received them into his heart and made them his own, and after ten years went back to his own country to tell to others the treasure which the geography-book had been the means of making known to him.

And now, if we were to walk through the streets of the Japanese cities, we should no more read the notice 'the sect called Christians is strictly prohibited in Japan,' but should find full liberty everywhere to teach, preach, or read the bible; and, moreover, could count 4,000 of 'the sect called Christians' in the Empire. And we should find, too, the dear little children of whom we have spoken, learning and singing with great delight 'Jesus loves me,' and 'There is a happy land,' only, as they would be in Japanese, we should only know our old favorites by the tune.—'Child's Companion.'

On Signing One's Name.

'Do tell the women,' begged a lady of great wealth, the other day, 'tell the women never to sign a paper the contents of which they do not fully understand. In the sorrow and excitement of a certain hour, I put my name to a document which put my money and affairs at the mercy of a money-changer for a dozen years. Had I only told him that I would think it over before signing, I should have had fewer sleepless nights and fewer grey hairs. Why did my father or my husband never tell me this?'

To think over a paper, or at least, to read it carefully before signing! This precept should be taught every girl and woman as the alphabet of business affairs. Many things may be safely left her to learn by experience, but not this. Too often it means her gentle acquiescence in a man's "Sign here," with a consequent adoption of other persons' obligations or the abrogation of her own perquisites and property.

A person's signature, standing before the law for one's self, is entitled to proper respect; and how to sign is scarcely less important than what not to sign. Everybody should adopt and cling to a certain style of autograph. Women should use their Christian names, never their husbands', and omit Mrs. or Miss as a prefix. A signature should never be left carelessly on pieces of blank paper where unscrupulous use might be made of it, and it should be distinctly legible.

A woman should learn also to respect the signature of those of even her nearest kin. Messenger boys say that they are daily asked by ladies if they will sign their own or their husband's names on receipt-books. The New York 'Tribune,' recently portrayed a pretty bride with no practical knowledge of a cheque-book. The deliverer of a choice piece of bric-a-brac had insisted on payment at the door. The young woman explained that evening to her husband that as she had fortunately remembered how he had drawn a cheque the previous day, and where he had left his cheque-book, she made one out for the merchant, adding:

'You do not know how well Alonzo B. Tompkins looked in my writing!'

It is needless to add that no time was lost by the distracted young husband in recovering that most innocently forged cheque!—'The Youth's Companion.'

A Little Worker in a Colliery Village.

Not very long ago I went to a colliery village to speak for the Bible Society at the annual meeting. Just before the meeting commenced some of the collectors brought in their money. One little girl, not looking very strong, brought in fifteen shillings. Surprised at the amount, I said, 'Wherever did you get all this money?' She replied, 'I got a pin-card first and got that full.' 'Yes,' I remarked, 'I have that card here with sixty holes in it, and that, of course, means five shillings.' 'Then,' said my little visitor, 'I got another pin-card and I got that half full.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'that is here, too.' But that only makes seven and sixpence, and you have fifteen shillings. I want to know how you got the other seven and sixpence.' 'Oh, I work for the Bible Society!' was the reply. 'Work!' I said; 'don't you go to school?' 'Yes, of course I go to school; but I find time to work as well.' 'Then,' I remarked, 'you get no fun.' 'Oh, yes, I do,' said my visitor, smiling, 'I get plenty of time for fun.' 'What do you work at, may I ask, and how do you do it?' 'I do knitting,' was the reply; 'I make mittens, and comforters, and mufflers for the colliers. They know I just buy the wool and put all there is over into the Bible box, and they keep me going all the year.' 'How old are you?' I asked. 'Eleven,' was the answer. 'And did you do anything for the Bible Society last year?' 'Yes, I got fourteen shillings last year.' 'I am sure,' I said, 'if our committee knew, they would be very grateful for the help of such a worker. And though our committee may not happen to know, your heavenly Father knows, and he will be pleased to see that you are doing all you can to let others know of his great love. May he bless you richly in the coming days!'—English Paper.

Taking Heed.

Did you ever watch people walking on icy sidewalks? Those who walk carefully, watching their steps and holding at the fence alongside, get safely over, but pretty soon a boy comes along who just knows he can walk along safely without any help, and thinks it foolish to be so careful about a little ice, and before he has time to think anything more down he goes. Did you ever try to be good without asking Jesus to help you? If you did, I'm sure you did not succeed. There are so many slippery places that unless we have his help we will surely fall. We are in greatest danger when we think we are safe.—'My Paper.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

How To Make A Squeeze.

[By Prof. Otis T. Mason, in S.S. 'Times.']

Now that so many wonderful revelations are being made concerning the ancient cities and inscriptions of lands associated with the bible, it may not be uninteresting to students to know practically how the knowledge of such matters is obtained and preserved in museums.

What is left to us of any civilization may be divided into relics, which may be brought away and stored in cabinets, and remains, which are permanent. Upon many of the remains are inscriptions and carvings of great interest. They may be photographed and published, but that is not sufficient. Less than a century ago it was allowed to break up buildings as gorgeous as the Parthenon, but that would be frowned upon now.

The only thing the museum curator can do is to get a cast of the coveted objects. Of course, molds or impressions in dental plaster, modeller's clay, gelatine, wax and finer materials, are to be preferred, especially when very fine lines are to be cast, or when the object to be copied may be taken to his laboratory. But all these casting materials are very heavy, and, furthermore, you cannot always have them at the spot where the interesting remains are located.

But paper and flour paste are always accessible, and handy persons can get good molds from old tombstones, parts of ancient buildings, aboriginal inscriptions on rocks, etc., at a trifling cost, by the expenditure of a little patience. I had the good fortune to see Mr. Joseph Palmer, an expert, taking an inscription from a Syrian sarcophagus, and the first picture shows him doing the work.

Mr. Palmer's outfit consisted of a few sheets of thin, tough paper, such as the Chinese and Japanese make of mulberry fiber. Even good white book paper will do, the rule being 'the thinner and tougher the better.' Secondly there was a bundle of grocers' coarse wrapping paper; but I was

told that thick, porous paper was best; and that blotting paper, or printed newspaper would do on a pinch. The third requisite was a bowl of flour paste, good and sticky, with a few drops of oil of cloves or a spoonful of powdered alum, to preserve the material and to keep out insects; with this there was a bill-poster's brush. Mr. Palmer's fourth utensil was a stiff brush, but he says that a good shoe or clothes-brush, with long, and not too harsh bristles, or a nice 'dip,' used in polishing shoes, will do excellent work. Finally, there was a good sized bucket of water, and in it a serviceable wisp broom. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned here that there were ten deft and patient fingers to handle this apparatus.

Mr. Palmer was careful to clean off all mould, dust, and foreign matter, with the wisp-broom and the stiff brush. He then thoroughly wet the surface, using his wisp to force the water in at every point. A sheet of the squeeze paper was then soaked in the bucket of water, taken up with care, as a laundry-maid would hold up a towel to hang it on a clothes-line, and laid on the

—THE OUTFIT—

surface of the inscription. In this instance several sheets were required. The clever man then took his stiff brush, and proceeded to pat, pat, pat, the wet paper, gently urging it into every pore and cavity. When he would tear it he would lay a fresh bit on the spot, and beat it down to destroy all wrinkles. Here lies the success or failure of the experiment. This thin pellicle is to be the inside of your mold, and the laying it on so as to conform to the surface of the stone exacts great patience. Mr. Palmer, with the white edge of a newspaper, will make a squeeze of a coin that will give an excellent impression.

When he had got his squeeze paper laid to suit him, he put a good sizing of flour paste all over the outside, and laid on grocers paper, previously wet. He continued to lay on paste and paper, and beat the whole down compactly, until this mass was nearly the eighth of an inch thick. He then packed some grass and old paper on the outside, leaned sticks and poles against them to prevent warping, and left the mass for twelve hours to dry. The next morning the squeeze came away from the stone as the bark leaves the tree in springtime. The squeeze weighs only a few ounces, and may be laid in the bottom of a box, tacked down, and brought to the skilled workman to make casts.

The Little Fiddler.

('Chambers's Journal.')

Charlie Morris was a very good little boy, as boys go; he loved the truth, he was well-tempered, obliging, generous, and clever, and there are many little boys of whom we cannot say so much. But there was one sad drawback to those good qualities — you would smile to hear it called a serious one—he never could keep his fingers quiet for one single minute. In his idle hours, this did not signify much; but the worst of it was that the more his thoughts were engaged, the busier he was at his lessons, whether learning or repeating them, the faster and faster the fingers went, to the certain injury of whatever happened to lie next to hand.

It were endless to tell of all the mischances brought about by those ten busy little idlers — how grandpa's watch was broken, how the ink-bottle was upset on the carpet, what mischief ensued from breaking the seal of a letter lying near him on the table. And that table—easy it was to know the spot where Charlie had been sitting, by the scattered tufts of green wool picked off the green cloth here and there, until at last it began to look as if nibbled all round by the mice. Then Charlie was banished to another table without any covering, which, it was hoped would baffle his operations; but, here, providing himself with a pin, the fingers worked harder than ever, and sundry scratches and devices on its surface soon proved it no gainer by the exchange.

His cousin Edward, who was a great favorite with Charlie, though many years older—indeed, quite grown up—came to the house during one of his college vacations; and wishing to read in the study where our own little boy always learned his lessons, brought in a large pile of books, and stowed them on the table to which Charlie had been banished, never suspecting it was dangerous ground. But once within the reach of those fingers, they shared the fate of everything else; and Edward was more astonished than pleased one day to find the covers decorated with various unintelligible hieroglyphics, and the leaves folded up into 'pancakes' and 'cakes.'

Another person would have been very angry, but Edward loved Charlie, and was very good-tempered besides; so, though sorry for the mischief, and especially so to think that it was done by his little friend, he only laughed at him for this turn, warning him that if ever he caught him again at such work, he would give him the name of 'Charlie, the fiddler.' He could not have devised a worse punishment: like many another little boy, Charlie had a great dislike to being laughed at, and the idea of getting a ridiculous name through his own folly was more than he could bear; so he promised Edward eagerly never to bring a pen near the table again, and that wherever else his fingers should wander, they would keep wide of his books. But neither little boys nor grown people can say: 'I will go so far and no further'; Charlie one day stayed out later than usual playing, and to make up for lost time, went to learn his lessons by candle-light: this was not generally allowed; but this time the candle was placed out of everyone's way, quite in the centre of the table, Edward busily studying at one end, Charlie learning his multiplication-table at the other — nothing could be safer. For once, the hands were quiet—one of them under Charlie's head the other holding the book close shut. 'Nine times nine?' whispered he to himself—'nine times nine.' It was a hard number. Not exactly finding it in his brain, Charlie looked up; he gazed at the candle, as if expecting it to throw some light on the question, and again softly repeated, 'nine times nine?'

But the candle just then had business of its own; some draught had made it flicker, and the grease in running down had made a fanciful pillar all the way down the side. Charlie fixed his eyes on this novel appendage, and absently repeating the still unresolved question, up strayed the fingers, mechanically, slowly slowly demolishing the structure as he went on with his sum.

Edward, deep in his studies never raised his eyes from his book, until suddenly aroused by finding himself in total darkness, Charlie loudly exclaiming: 'Oh, Edward!—the candle. My hand is all burned. What shall I do?'

To run for more light, and discover the extent of the damage, was the work of a moment with Edward; to repair it, was not quite so easy a task. Charlie, in his half

unconscious efforts to remove the encumbrance from the candle, had given it a stronger jerk than was expedient, and had upset it, not only on his own hand, scorching it rather severely, but turning it over still farther, on his companion's book, leaving a line of hot grease all along the open page.

Edward could not help feeling angry, now; he exclaimed: 'Well, you are Charlie the fiddler'; and he did not much mind the tears that quickly started at the opprobrious epithet, until poor Charlie piteously replied:

'At any rate, Edward I am not sorry this hand was burned: as long as I feel the pain; as long as I see the mark, I don't think I will fiddle again. But your nice book—ah, I am afraid that will remain a rememberace for ever!'

'Yes, my boy,' answered his cousin, as once more, with his own good-natured smile, he kissed the little suffering hand, 'I hope it will be a remembrance for ever that this was the last time you offended so.'

Charlie was very glad to hear his cousin say this: he resolved to prove him right; but unluckily Edward was to go away the next day without waiting to see these good resolutions put into practice. The hand soon healed, the pain passed away, the mark was gone, and—why must it be told?—Charlie himsef was obliged to confess that, however Edward came to the knowledge of the fact, there was too much reason for the reproof he administered in the following manner.

It was Christmas Eve, and with the post came a letter from Edward, and a neat little box. The letter was full of good wishes for young and old; the box full of small remembrances; for Charlie's two sisters and eldest brother, each a beautiful penknife, exactly alike, in a red morocco case, with a tortoise shell handle and a silver plate on the side with the owner's name; for Charlie — ah, there was nothing he had so much longed for as a knife!—but for him there was a large parcel, a card fastened to the outside, saying that he too should have had the same as the others only that his cousin was afraid 'he would cut up the table into chips: within was a source of harmless amusement, to keep his fingers employed, were they ever so restless.' In all haste the parcel was opened: within was, what do you think?—an Indian tumbler, standing on a little arch with a weight to his feet, which, by a touch of the finger, sent him over and over as often as you pleased.

'A foolish toy,' exclaimed Charlie, in deep mortification; 'did Edward think me a baby?' while a laugh, that even the most good-natured could not control, went round the little circle. Perhaps the deepest source of his mortification lay in the consciousness, as we have said, that he deserved this little reproof. He was the first to say so, himself, when, on the following day, his mamma asked the children what messages she should write back to their cousin. 'Thank Edward for me, mamma, and tell him I do not think the tumbler so very foolish now: I hope yet to show he has done me good. He shall stand opposite me on the table, to remind me what he is there for; and I think, mamma, we may call it a good day when he is not once pitched off his perch.'

His mamma agreed it would be an excellent plan; and, after a good long trial, was beginning to think it was a successful one, too. The tumbler maintained a marvellous steadiness during school hours; no fresh engravings adorned the table, no new accidents had occurred elsewhere, and the time seemed drawing near when, by a secret arrangement between her and Edward, a knife similar to the others was to become Charlie's property also, when one day a little miniature of his sister Annie happened to be left on the table in its morocco case, and nothing would do Charlie but to press open the spring and place it beside him as the companion of his studies.

This was no great wonder—all loved Annie; and now, that she was gone away to school, the picture seemed her second self, and no one could blame the kiss given to it by affectionate little Charlie, as he laid it beside him. Still, better had he let it alone, or taking one look and kiss, had he shut it up carefully again; but no, his own rosy lips had left their mark upon the glass—it was no longer clear, and rubbing it with the sleeve of his jacket did not mend the matter: in fact, being like most little boys' everyday jackets, not always of the cleanest, the more he rubbed the glass with it the duller it grew. Charlie's next thought was to seek for some more effectual implement: a glass of water, in which was placed a bunch of roses, stood in the centre of the table; and it was the work of an instant to pop in the active fingers, bring out a clear drop on the tip of each, and sprinkle the glass of the picture: he was then proceeding to try whether washing would answer better than wiping, when his mamma's voice calling him, he laid by his experiment, and closing the spring hastily, away he ran.

His mamma wanted him to go with her into the garden and help to gather fruit for preserves. It was very pleasant work, and lasted for some hours: no wonder if the study and the lessons, and even the miniature, were forgotten. Charlie thought of them no more for the rest of the day; indeed he never once remembered the latter until the following morning, when, sitting down to hear him his lessons, as usual, his mamma took the miniature up in her hand to give one look at her own sweet Annie, before commencing the business of the day.

But what is this?—no sweet Annie's face—black, blue and red, mixed up like a lowering thundercloud; never had Annie's face worn such an aspect as that. Gone were the smiling eyes, the rosy lips, the golden curls, or rather, blended into one mass; that was all that could be seen of them now.

'Oh, Charlie!' exclaimed his mamma, at once guessing that he had some hand in the mischief, and 'Oh, mamma!' reiterated Charlie, bursting into tears, as in a moment it flashed on him how it had occurred.

For some minutes neither of them spoke another word, both of them grieved for the fault and its consequences—both gazing at the wreck of what was lately so pretty and so valued. 'Oh, Charlie, what shall I do with you?' said his mamma at last.

'Oh, mamma, what shall I do with myself?' sobbed Charlie, as he related how the misfortune must have happened by shutting the drops of water up in the case; then soaking under the glass they must have made the colors run; and he concluded, as he had begun, with those words: 'Oh, mamma, what can I do with myself?'

'Yes, Charlie,' replied his mamma very gravely, 'that is now the question. You have been often punished by me, you have been punished by your cousin; you have been laughed at, you have suffered pain, you have suffered sorrow. Is all to be in vain? or is there any other punishment likely to be effectual? Think, Charlie. At last I must leave you to yourself.'

Charlie cried still more bitterly at those words; he would have been ready to bear whatever his mamma inflicted; he could not think any punishment too great for such a mischief as that before his eyes, and he felt as if he could not devise anything half bad enough for himself.

At length raising his eyes mournfully to his mother's, he said: 'Mamma, it would be such a pelasure to get another picture like that that I am afraid it could not be called a punishment.'

His mother could hardly help smiling as she answered: 'No, indeed, Charlie; I don't think we could call it a punishment to have our dear picture restored: if you could do it, indeed, we might call it a reparation.'

'Oh, yes, mamma; that is what I mean,' interrupted he eagerly; 'but when the reparation would be so great a pleasure, I am afraid it would be no punishment.'

'Not much use, I fear, in arguing that point. That miniature cost a great deal of money, and the gentleman who painted it has so much to do now, that I suppose he would require twice as much for another.'

Charlie's countenance fell; after a thoughtful pause, he returned to the subject. 'How much money did it cost, mamma?'

'Three guineas,' replied his mother.

'And twice three is six,' mused Charlie. 'But, mamma; there is a perhaps. The painter looked so kind, and he seemed so fond of Annie, and of—of'—— Charlie hesitated.

'And of Charlie?' said his mamma, putting in the word with a smile.

'Yes, mamma, of poor little Charlie,' returned he with a half smile too. 'Well, mamma, and then if the painter would consent to do it over again for the same or a little more; and if Annie would not mind the tiresomeness of sitting; and if I were to totally break myself off from the fashion of meddling before her next vacation; then, mamma—then perhaps you would grant me the reward of allowing it to be painted again.'

'"Reward," Charlie! what do I hear you say? Wasn't it of punishment we were speaking?'

'O yes, mamma,' answered he, once more indulging in a merry laugh. 'Indeed I forgot the punishment in the greatness of the reward; but it must come first, all the same, to make room for the other; for you know, mamma, my three lambs are now nearly grown into three sheep, and the steward says they are worth from three to four guineas at least. Well, you know, he was to have sold them for me at All Hallow Fair, and with the money to have bought a pony: that is a year-old plan, since first I got the lambs'; and here Charlie cleared his throat and manfully smothered a sigh. 'Well, mamma, that pony is now no more—that is my punishment; but let the picture be drawn for the money—and that will be my reward.'

His mother kissed his beaming face: she was pleased with her little boy, and approved of his resolution. After some further discussion, it was settled that when the sheep were sold, and their exact value ascertained, the subject should be mentioned to the painter, and, if possible, Annie's picture should be restored on her next trip home.

But Charlie had yet to learn the lesson brought home to all our hearts, in some part or other of our lives, that repentance — amendment, even — is one thing — reparation is another. Ah, many a time would we have been less thoughtless, many a time would we have hesitated before committing a fault, had we felt that we never might repair it—had we known that before our sorrowing purpose ripened, the opportunity would pass away. Thus thought Charlie many a time, when the news came that the measles had appeared in Annie's school, and that she was one of the severest sufferers. Ah, what sad news was that!—what lonely thoughts he had after his mamma was gone away to nurse her; often holding the defaced miniature in his hand, thinking, perhaps, that was all they would soon have left of

Annie; often dropping on it self-reproachful tears—drops that could do it no harm now.

Many a day, and even week, of sad suspense, thus passed by; at last a letter came—it said Annie was better, another and another followed, and then she was out of danger; and then, O joy, she was slowly travelling home. Yes, soon they had their own dear Annie again; pale and weak, indeed, but still her very self—better than a thousand pictures, were they ever so bright.

So mamma, Charlie, everyone said; but still, the picture was not forgotten—the punishment and the reward. The sheep having been sold for the expected sum, it was settled that when Annie's cheeks were round and rosy again, and her holidays over, on her way back to school the picture was to be drawn. If more money were wanted, mamma promised to add it from herself.

Again Charlie was lonely, for again mamma and Annie were gone away: he had not even the 'dirty old picture'; but that he did not much regret, as it had been taken to see whether the painter could turn it to any use. At last came the day of return, and if Annie did not come back, cousin Edward did; and as a long year had passed without seeing him, it was nearly as much joy.

He first jumped out of the carriage, then he handed out mamma; and last of all, out came a small deal case, carefully twined. Soon the whole three were within the parlor walls, and many a greeting, many a question asked and answered with the two former, before any attention was given to the latter arrival. Its turn came at last; and seeing all eyes fixed in that direction, mamma quietly said: 'Charlie, that is your property; you may open it, if you please.'

He required no second bidding; the next moment he was beside it on the carpet, though hardly knowing what to expect; but those tiresome twines—they resisted all his efforts.

'Take your time, my boy!' exclaimed his cousin; 'those little fingers must be changed indeed if they object to a job.'

'Ah, Edward!' said Charlie, reproachfully; then glanced proudly at his mamma, who came forward smiling, and taking his little hand, put it into Edward's, saying; 'Indeed, those fingers are changed; I have never had to give them one rap since the unhappy fate of the picture.'

Edward looked quite happy, yet always so good-natured, we think he must have had some little notion what the answer would be, or he never would have made the remark; at anyrate he smiled very pleasantly now, as putting into the hand he still held in his own a knife exactly similar to those which on a former day had cost Charlie some tears, he exclaimed: 'Then take a short-cut with the knots; use this just as you like; fairly earned, at last it is your own!'

Charlie threw his arms round Edward's neck, and jumped for joy, twice as proud and as happy as if he had got it the first day. Again he turned to the box; the twines were cut; down fell the cover; and upright within the case stood a small but beautiful painting, in all but life — Annie herself.

A moment of silent admiration, then a full chorus of praise. Mamma explained it all; the painter was kind; he was fond of Annie, and of—Charlie, too; and when he saw the sad condition, and heard the story of the miniature, he determined to place his next production beyond the reach of such accidents, and painted in oil the sweet portrait before them; more than that, he refused to take more than he had received for the miniature before.

It was hung up in the study just over Charlie's table; and if ever—though that is unlikely — if ever he had been tempted to transgress in his old fashion, the roguish smile on Annie's lips would have warned him to desist. He was the first to discover the fact, in which Edward fully agreed, that they had exactly the same look — a smile that would not be a laugh—with which she first heard Edward call him 'Charlie, the fiddler.' We may remark, that by this time, he was rather proud of the name he no longer deserved.

One thing more our little readers will not be sorry to hear; through the kind painter's liberality, there was enough left of the price of the sheep, after paying for the painting, to purchase three other little lambs. They are thriving apace; the plan of the pony is revived; and unless some fresh accident — not likely to occur to a reformed character like Charlie — comes to pass, by the time another year is brought round, the self-inflicted punishment, having done its work, will exist no longer.

Leonhard Caesar; a Martyr of the Sixteenth Century.

The story of the recantation of Archbishop Cranmer, and his sore repentance afterwards, is familiar to readers of English history.

Not so familiar, probably, is the touching account of a fellow-sufferer in Bavaria, who was his contemporary, and had a somewhat similar fall and glorious restoration.

We have no particulars of Leonhard's conversion, except that which alone proves the conversion sincere, i.e., its fruits. He began to preach the gospel with the usual result in that day of persecution; and by imprisonment ('incarceration' would better express the dismal treatment of those times) and by threats, he was at length induced to recant, and sent back to his parish. But his conscience was ill at ease; he had exchanged bonds of the body for those of the soul, a burden far more intolerable; and in about six months he left a place where he had not liberty to preach freely, and went to Wittenberg and other towns, where the truth which Luther had proclaimed had found entrance. Here he remained for two years, when, hearing that his father was at the point of death, his filial affection overcame his fear of returning to his own country; but, alas, when there, the minister of the village cruelly betrayed him, and for ten weeks he was confined within prison walls before he had even been examined. Then, when greatly enfeebled by his confinement, he was called upon without preparation to answer a variety of abstruse questions propounded by the subtle Dr. Eck, of Ingolstadt, the great opponent of Luther.

This famous man had been sent for purposely to browbeat the poor heretic. Leonhard's relatives earnestly begged him to recant, but this was impossibe to one who had suffered so deeply from the reproaches of an accusing conscience. Even the reasonable request of his friends, that he might be allowed a month's respite to recruit his strength, and that an advocate might be allowed him, was absolutely refused. His persecutors ordered that the proceedings of the trial, carried on under so great a disadvantage to the prisoner, should be conducted in Latin, that the multitude might be kept in ignorance of what was passing. It became evident that the accused man had no hope of justice, or even of life itself; but in this hour of distress, when all human help failed, strength was given him from on high equal to the occasion.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of his enemies, he frequently spoke in German, and fearlessly proclaimed to the listening audience the doctrines of the gospel which he had professed. 'Faith alone,' said he, 'justifies; works are the evidences of faith; but in the act of justification acts are as distinct from faith as heaven is from the earth. The mass is no sacrifice, neither is there any sacrifice for sin except the blood of Jesus Christ.' Thus, having 'professed a good profession before many witnesses,' he returned to his prison to await the end. Meanwhile he wrote to his friend Stifelius, at that time chaplain to a lady of distinction in Austria, 'thanking God, who had honored his most unworthy servant and the greatest of sinners, with such an opportunity to confess his precious name, blessed for ever.'

His case excited profound interest, and noblemen of high rank, including the Elector of Saxony, that well-known friend of the Reformation, interceded with the potentates of Bavaria, but to no avail. After being degraded by the papal hierarchy, he was given over to the tender mercies of the civil authority, with the mockery of requesting that his life might be spared. This hollow guise of pretended charity wore too flimsy a veil to afford the accused any protection, and the 'stern Duke of Bavaria, instigated, no doubt, by his priests, issued a peremptory mandate, "for committing the incorrigible heretic alive to the flames."'

We quote verbatim from Milner's 'Church History,' from which this account has been copied, the particulars of the closing scene.

Leonhard's 'patience and constancy in prayer, the ardor of his soul, and his confidence towards God, are described as beyond belief. When the dreadful moment came, and he was placed on the pile, he said, 'O Lord Jesus, partake in my sufferings; support me; give me strength'; and lastly, as soon as the fire began to burn, he cried out, with a loud voice. 'Save me, Jesus; I am thine!' and soon after expired.'

Luther was exceedingly touched with the history of this mournful, yet triumphant event.

'Oh,' said he, 'that I might witness such a confession, and suffer such a death! But God's will be done!'

'Oh, wretched me—how far below this man am I!' he wrote to their common friend, Stifelius. 'I am a wordy preacher, he a powerful performer. May Christ grant that we may be enabled to imitate his holy character!'

Yet Luther was perhaps mistaken in desiring so earnestly a martyr's death. While Leonhard was called to die for the faith, Luther was equally called to live to defend it.

The query, 'What shall this man do?' received the memorable answer, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.'

It is they who follow their Lord most closely in that manner of life to which he has called them who are best prepared to go with him, 'to judgment and to death,' if such should be the lot appointed, for 'he that is faithful in a few things is faithful also in much.'

'Who is God's chosen priest?
He who on Christ stands waiting day and night,
Who traced his holy steps, nor ever ceased
From Jordan banks to Bethphage height;

Who hath learned lowliness
From his Lord's cradle, patience from his cross;
Whom poor men's eyes and hearts consent to bless;
To whom, for Christ, the world is loss;

Who, both in agony,
Have seen him, and in glory; and in both
Owned him divine, and yielded, nothing loth,
Body and soul, to live and die,

In witness of his Lord,
In humble following of his Saviour dear;
This is the man to wield th' unearthly sword,
Warring unharmed with sin and fear.'

KEBLE.

—'Light in the Home.'

Goir g To Church in a Basket.

One of the most extraordinary dwelling-places in the world is undoubtedly the monastery at Meteora, in North Greece. Like several other monastic institutions in the neighborhood, it is situated on the summit of a rock, which rises with precipitous sides about one thousand feet above the surrounding plain. Formerly there were about twenty-four of these isolated abodes of piety in the district, but now only five are inhabited. So inaccessible is the Meteora establishment that the visitor has to make the giddy ascent in a basket, which is drawn up to the summit by the monks.

The intention of the Empress of Austria to visit this secluded monastery has drawn fresh attention to its extraordinary situation. As soon as the weather has become more settled, and the present hostilities between Greece and Turkey are at an end, the Empress Elizabeth proposes to make the perilous ascent. Every precaution will doubtless be taken, but even then the experience will be a trying one for the nerves.

On arriving at the foot of the rock on which the monastery is situated, the traveller blows a horn to let the monks know he is there.

HOW TRAVELLERS REACH THE MOST REMARKABLE MONASTERY IN THE WORLD.

Then a large basket is lowered, at the end of a thick, homespun rope. Into this he must entrust himself, and is then slowly drawn skywards. The rope is often an old and worn one, and the basket turns round and round as it mounts, and the visitor has an uneasy sensation that the whole arrangement is rather unsafe.

Arriving at the summit, there is no proper landing-stage, so one of the monks takes hold of the rope with the crook of his staff and drags its living burden on to the rock.

The object of the Empress of Austria in visiting this extraordinary human abode is partly for the sake of temporary seclusion from the world, and partly in order to examine the ancient manuscripts and books which are known to exist in large numbers in these old-world monasteries. Many of the most important literary discoveries of the century have been made in these ancient abbeys in Thessaly, and the Empress will be accompanied by several experts, who will assist her in the search.

In former days the monastery at Meteora was noted for its learning, but now the monks are sadly ignorant, and have little notion of the importance of the literary treasures in their possession.

In addition to the monks on the summit, there are also a number of hermits, whose little huts are fastened like martins' nests to the face of the rock. Here they live in complete isolation from year to year, drawing up the food which the pious villagers send them at the end of a rope.—'Sunday Companion.'

Too Late.

(Address to Young Men, by D. L. Moody, Chicago.)

Tell me how you treat your parents and I will tell you what kind of a harvest you are going to have. I said here the other day that it was a terrible thing for a young man to go around the streets of Chicago and talk against his own father and mother, and say they crammed religion into him when he was young, and he got enough of it. If your father and mother made a mistake, and were too strict, it came from the head; it did not come from the heart. You know that old heart beats true to you. If the news should pass over the wires to-night that you are down with some loathsome disease, some contagious disease, that old mother would come on the first train; she would watch over you day and night; she would take the disease out of your body and put it into her own. She would die for you. Do you speak contemptuously of such a mother? God have mercy on you if you do. You will have a hard journey through life if you do. Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the earth. Young man, if you have got a mother, treat her kindly, for she will not always be here. She will be gone by and bye.

I was present at the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago here some time ago, and I was preaching one Saturday night in the association, and I got up to close the meeting. A gentleman rose to speak. I never had seen him before, and I have never seen him since, but if he is in this audience to-night he will get up and tell you that what I say is true. As I got up to close the meeting he rose and asked me if we would allow a stranger to say a few words. I said certainly, and for about five or ten minutes he gave one of the most earnest appeals I ever heard on earth. He said: 'Young man, if you have got a friend that takes an interest in your welfare, treat him kindly, for he is the best friend you have got on earth. I am an only son. Every morning and every night my father and mother had family worship, and my father used to pray for me by name. I did not like it. I was wayward. I was reckless, and when my father died my mother became more anxious than ever. Many a time my mother has put her loving arms around my neck and kissed me, and said, "If you would only stay at home at family worship I would be the happiest mother on earth, but when my only child will not stay in the house it is breaking my heart." I used to push her aside and say, "Mamma, I want to sow a few wild oats, and then I will be a Christian." Sometimes I would come home past midnight, and my mother would be sitting up. She wouldn't scold me, but I could see she was grieved, and sometimes, past midnight I have listened and heard a voice in the room, "Oh, God, save my boy! Oh, God, keep him from bad associates!" And this was his expression: He said, "At last it got too hot." He had either got to become a Christian or get away from her prayers. He said he ran away, and after he had been gone some time he heard indirectly—he said he believed she would have gone round the world to find him—he said he heard she was sick, and he said he knew that meant it was his conduct making her sick, and his first thought was to go home, and the second thought was, if he did he would have to become a Christian, and his proud heart revolted. He said, 'I will not become a Christian, therefore, I will not go home." Months rolled away, and he heard indirectly that his mother was worse, and the thought came to him, if my mother should die I never should forgive myself, and he said that would break his heart.

There wasn't any railway in the town, and he took a coach. He got into town about dark. It was moonlight. He missed the coach, and started back to her place on foot. When he got near he had to pass the old graveyard, and when he got near it the thought came to him that he would get over the fence and go to his father's grave and see if there was a new made grave. He said he couldn't tell why, but as he drew near the spot his heart beat against his side and when he got near that grave he saw a new-made grave, and yet, he said, 'Young man, for the first time in my life this question comes stealing over me, who is going to pray for my lost soul? Father is gone, and mother is gone, and they are the only two who ever cared for me," and he said he spent that night by his mother's grave.

He said if he could have called his mother back that night and have her put her arms around his neck he would give the world, if it was his to give. He said he spent that night in crying to God for mercy, and he said about daybreak the light of heaven broke in upon him, and with a good deal of feeling he said that God, for Christ's sake, forgave him, but, he said, "I never have forgiven myself." If that man is in this house to-night, I will venture to say he would rise and say, 'It is all true, Mr. Moody, God forgave me, but I am still weeping, and to my dying day I never will forgive myself for treating my mother that way.'

I want you to go to your room to-night and write a letter to your mother, and pour out your heart, and tell her that you love her, giving her comfort and pleasure in the evening of her life. Do you ever, when her birthday comes, send her a present, or a book now and then, and tell her that you love her? May God help you to do it, young man. Would to God that I could say something to-night to get this audience to rise as one man and say: "We will go out into this city, and we will sow wheat, not chaff; we will sow the seed of the kingdom; we will sow the spirit and not the flesh.'

A Noble Spirit.

The chaplain of a Mediterranean squadron was accustomed to preach in every ship except one, the captain of which was a godless man who annoyed him incessantly. One day the captain got in a passion and insulted the commodore. He was ordered home, but the chaplain pleaded that, as a particular favor to himself, the commodore would overlook Captain S.'s conduct. He did so. On meeting the chaplain, Captain S. exclaimed, 'I don't understand your religion, but I do understand your conduct, and thank you. Come and preach on board my ship.'—'My Note Book.'

The Camel's Foot.

The camel's foot is a soft cushion, peculiarly well adapted to the stones and gravel over which it is constantly walking. During a single journey through the Sahara, horses have worn out three sets of shoes, while the camels' feet are not even sore.

Defended.

('Christian Advocate.')

He stood rather disconsolately looking out of the one window his room afforded. Not that there was much of interest to see from it—a long row of back yards adorned with clothes-lines and ash barrels, with here and there an attempt at a flower garden. This morning it was all covered with a soft white snowfall that made it a little better to look at than usual.

But almost anything was better than the view indoors. Such a poor, unhomelike room, in this unhomelike boarding-house, one of a type sadly too common in our large cities.

Ernest Holmes looked, as he stood in the dusty, ill-kept room, decidedly out of place. He was a fine specimen of young manhood, with an honest face and clear good eyes, even though this morning they looked from under a clouded brow. He was on the verge of temptation, and, though he did not realize it, his yielding would mean a downward tendency possibly to his whole life. He would not acknowledge to himself that he was troubling over the right or wrong of the question at all. Rather, he insisted if it were not for the expense, which he knew he ought not to incur, he would have settled the whole thing long ago. It was only a sleigh-ride arranged by some young folks. Two of the young men were his fellow-boarders, and had invited him to make one of their number.

They were to leave town at eight o'clock in the evening, take a two hours' ride to a village, have supper and a dance, then home again.

The desire to go was very great. He was country bred and this was his first winter in a large city and he had tingled to his very finger tips every time a sleigh with tingling bells had passed him,

To do him justice it was the sleigh-ride, and not the wine supper and dance, that had been the temptation.

How badly he wanted to go nobody but himself could quite understand. He felt his loneliness in this great crowded city so keenly. The young men who had invited him had been the first to show him any friendliness. If he refused to go, they would be offended and though they were not very choice friends, they were better than none. Of course, he reasoned with himself, he will not touch their wine. In the quiet village life he had led, he had not learned to dance, so he would not enjoy that part of it.

'Why in the name of sense,' he burst out to himself, 'can't they leave off the last? The sleigh-ride is all that's really good about it. Just think!' they say it is full two hours' ride out there and back home, in this beautiful moonlight. O yes, I think I will go. It was courteous in the boys to invite me, I'm such a stranger, and I can't do less than accept.'

So it was decided that he would let the young men know at their dinner hour that he would go.

It wanted but a few minutes of being time to start for his work down town, so he left the window and turned to open his bible that lay on the dust-covered stand for his morning reading. It was an old custom that had grown up with him and somehow still clung—this reading a bit of God's word before the work of the day.

He was, after a sort, trying to be a Christian. There had not much help been given to him since he left the quiet home and mother, and he knew when he stopped to think of it, he was not making much progress in that life. Still, he read the little bible every morning. More than often it was some part of the great book that did not touch his life, something forgotten almost as soon as read. Sometimes he had a feeling that the dear, dead father knew about it and was pleased. Not that he often thought about it at all. The chains of habit were strong, and this was one of those things the wise father and mother had helped grow into a habit.

This morning he turned the leaves with unusual carelessness. His mind was not wholly at ease, though he thought his decision was made. There would creep in a little something like regret, which Ernest fancied was on account of the expense.

At last he opened to a chapter, and glanced over a few verses without knowing what he read. Suddenly the next words seemed to read themselves into his very heart: 'I will defend this city to save it, for my own sake and for my servant David's sake.'

Just in an instant it flashed over him that 'this city,' meant, not the one the word had been written about years ago, but the one God meant this morning. 'This city,' that was himself—he, Ernest Holmes—God was pledging himself to 'defend.' Could it be true? His brain was wholly awake now, Thoughts came thronging fast. Did he need defence Was his life a precious thing to God? 'For mine own sake.' Ah, the tenderness of it, the infinite love! his eyes were fastened on the words. Such strength for such weakness. It came with added meaning each moment. 'This city'—his heart —'the place where thine honor dwelleth.' God was pledged to defend.

Had he really been in such danger? Did this apparently harmless pleasure mean a strategy of Satan to overcome 'this city?' He stood still, looking at the words, almost appalled at the insight he was gaining into his own heart. Then there sounded a rap at his door and a message; there was a gentleman in the parlor to see him. Ernest went down hardly caring who it might be, though a visitor was a rare thing with him. He was still thinking of the clear, direct message he had read, when he entered the shabby little parlor to meet a tall, kindly faced man, who stepped forward and held out both hands to the young man.

The voice was cordial and winning: 'So It is my old friend's boy! I believe I should have known you. The eyes are the same though the last time I saw you I held you on my knees. I only last night heard that you were in town, and your father and I were such old friends that I took the first chance I had of seeing you. Why did you not let me know of your whereabouts before? Did you not think I wanted to know Henry's boy. You should have let me know as soon as you came. By the way,' and there was a little laugh, 'I wonder if you know who it is who has taken you by storm this way? My name is Grey, Dr. Grey, Do you remember your father's old friend?'

'I remember you perfectly, Doctor,' Ernest replied quickly, then he stopped a moment, as the memory of the old hero worshipping days came back to him, when he had ranked this same doctor only second to his father. There was the slightest suspicion of a quiver in his voice as he went on, 'Mother was not certain of your address, and we thought maybe you had forgotten us. We were poor. We did not want to be a trouble to you.'

Two strong hands were laid on the boy's shoulders, as his friend turned him so the light fell full in his face. No sort of an answer was made to the last words.

'Yes, you have your father's eyes,' He talked rapidly to hide the young man's embarrassment. 'I hope you are trying to be the man he was. I am glad I met you; I have half a dozen things I want to talk with you about.'

The doctor glanced at his watch, 'I have an engagement to see a sick man in half an hour. That will give me time to drive you down town and I can say some of the things I want to say on the way down.'

And before the astonished young person had time to think of the pleasure in store for him he was tucked in the fur robes and skimming down the broad avenue in Dr. Grey's handsome sleigh.

Meanwhile the doctor was busy talking. He was one of those men wise in the skill of catching souls for his Master, and something in the young man's face had spoken to his heart that some sort of a struggle was going on in the life; possibly he was in danger; he must put out a hand to help. He asked no questions. It was hardly advice he offered. Just a suggestion here, a hint there. Strong helpful words, that were cheery and bright with the real sympathy that lay behind them.

Plans were laid and engagements made, so skillfully, so as a matter of course, that Ernest had no choice but to accept. He was to come to the doctor's house that evening to help in addressing some circulars that had to be sent out. The next night he was invited again.

A subdued exclamation escaped the young man as he heard this plan. To-morrow night ! The very night that but a short hour ago he fancied he wanted to spend in that sleigh-ride. How distasteful it all seemed now! How much more attractive this other way. A new life was opened to him. He had found a friend; that was about what it meant. No, one had been sent to him. Something of awe stole in his heart. It seemed so plain. God had done it, 'I will defend this city.'

He had but little time during the busy day to think about it, but when he reached his room that night, he walked straight over to the little half-opened bible and found the morning's verse. He read it aloud this time, each word ringing out a direct message to him. His heart was full. God was good to him. Why should he care so much? 'For mine own sake.' The last words read so wonderfully; 'And for my servant David's sake.'

There came a glad smile over the boy's face. 'I suppose that means father. I know God loved him, and father was his servant. Maybe it was for father's sake, Dr. Grey was sent to me this morning, that 'this city,' might be 'defended.'

Those Girls Did it.

In a small village in Pennsylvania, says 'The Presbyterian,' lives a clergyman's wife, whose gentle and unfailing ministrations are devoted to an aged father, a mother, and an invalid child. She cannot afford a servant, so is a good deal confined to her house. To her surprise she was told that she had been chosen a delegate to the Woman's Synodical Meeting for Home Missions.

She said she could not go, she could not be spared. But the young girls of the parish declared she must, so like an avalanche they descended on the parsonage. They brought new silk to make the important sleeves for the old silk dress, they renovated her wardrobe generally, and pledged themselves to take turns in the housework during her absence. Then they wrote to the Reception Committee, that their minister's wife was coming to the meeting, and to take good care of her.

She was sent to one of the most delightful homes in the place, given the best guest chamber, taken to ride by her hostess, who devoted herself to giving her a good time. In a 'before-going-to-bed talk' the visitor told a fellow-guest the story, adding:

'And to think that I have met the President of the Executive Committee, besides all my enjoyment of the meeting. She has been a phantom, read of, and heard of, but now I have really seen her and talked to her, I shall go home to my auxiliary and tell them all about these meetings.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Eddy Lee's Likeness.

'What are you going to paint next, Uncle?' said Eddy Lee one day, as a large picture was taken away from his uncle's studio.

'What next, my boy?' said Uncle Bob; 'well, do you know, I was thinking of painting you.'

'Me!' said the little fellow, 'oh, my!' then added, 'But don't you make pictures for money, and I can't give you any. I have only ninepence, and I'm gathering up to buy a pair of rabbits.'

'Yes, but never mind that, this is to be "all for love, and nothing for reward." I had a letter from your mother, this morning, in which she says, "You must tell me all about Eddy, I would so like to see him." Now, I mean you to tell her all about yourself.'

'Oh, but you know, Uncle dear,' said Eddy, 'I can't write.'

'Yes, my child; but, if I paint your likeness, and it goes to your mother, she will be able to read from it what kind of a boy you are.'

Eddy's parents lived in India, and he had been sent home some time before, but his mother's heart was very much with him, and often she wished she could know exactly how he was getting on.

Well, it was arranged that next day Eddy should give his uncle a 'sitting.' So, punctual to the moment, he got himself ready for the occasion, with well-brushed hair and spotless collar; but, running along to his uncle's room, his foot struck on a housemaid's box, and down he fell. Fortunately he was not much hurt, but none the less he stamped and fumed and scolded the absent Mary for leaving her box. As you may suppose, he was rather a forbidding-looking little object when he got into the room.

'Eddy, Eddy! what are you thinking of?' said his uncle. 'Is this the little boy that is to be sent to his mother? Why, you look quite dangerous.'

'Oh, Uncle,' cried Eddy, bursting into tears; 'I forgot, and I will try not to be rough again,' but the passionate look still lingered on his face.

'No, Eddy,' returned his uncle, 'this will never do; your mother would think you were in a bad way. By the by,' he continued, 'when are you to get your rabbits?'

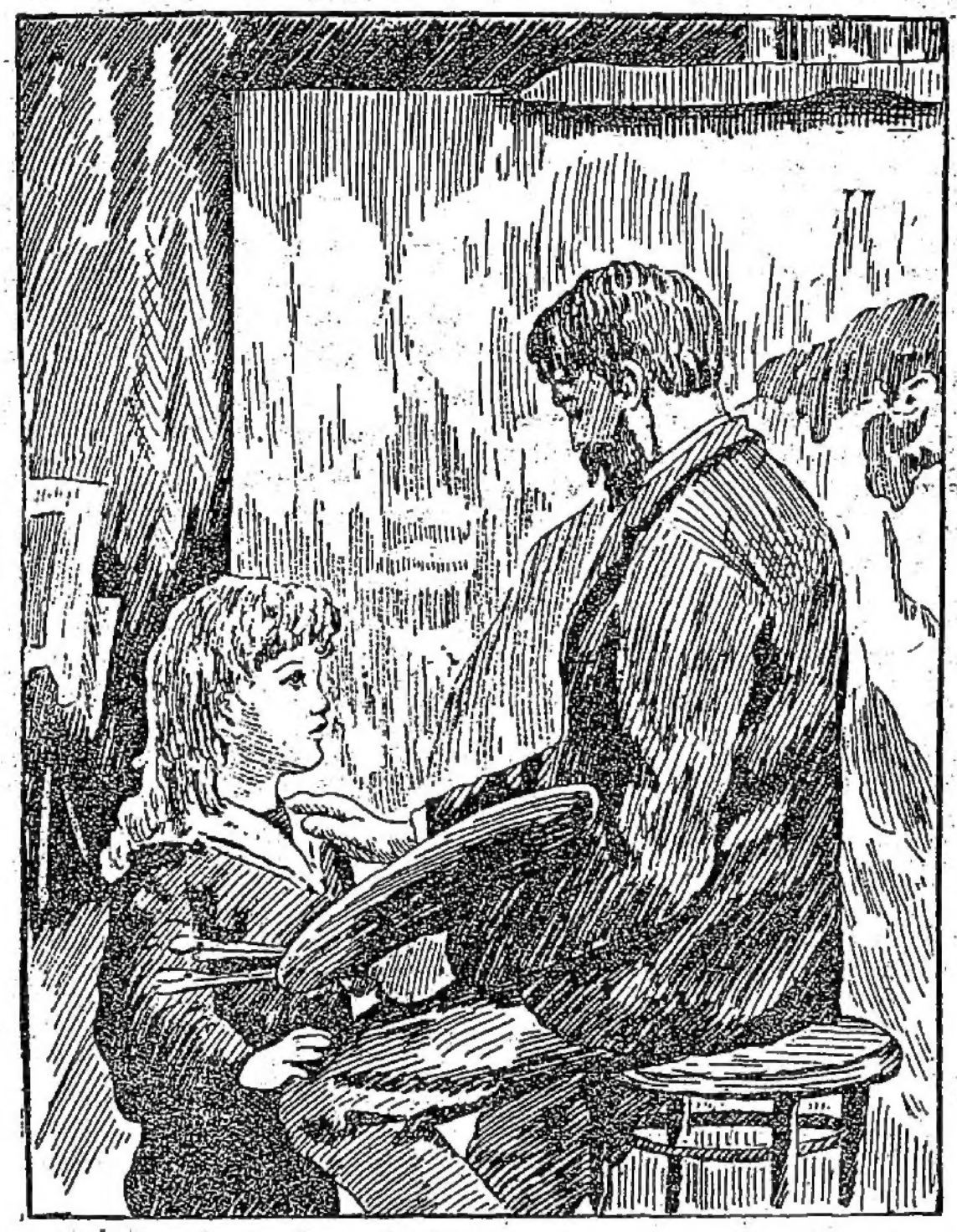
Instantly, as Mr. Lee intended, an expression of delight flashed across the face of the little sitter, and he cried, 'Oh! Jim Walker promised me them to-day.'

'Then what would you say,' returned Uncle Bob, 'to have them in the picture?'

'Oh, Uncle! You don't mean it?' gasped Eddy, with incredulous delight.

'Certainly I mean it; bring them up and I will put them in.'

You may be sure Eddy did not let



the grass grow under his feet, as he sped off to Jim Walker's; indeed, Mary who was sent to help carry the rabbits, could scarcely keep pace with him.

On arriving they found poor Jim Walker sitting on the door-step sobbing as if his heart would break.

'What's the matter, Jim?' said Mary; but the question was answered only by another outburst of sobs.

At this moment a woman in a neighboring cottage said, ''Deed, Mary, it's jist the auld story; his faither cam hame last nicht blin' fou, an' stumblin' at the back door, he ca'ed owre the wee rabbit-house, an' ivery yin o' them's away.'

What a disappointment for Eddy! His tears mingled with Jim's; but, child as he was, he soon saw what a sad case Jim's was with such a father. The idea of the rabbits in the picture had to be abandoned, but as Uncle Bob painted and talked with Eddy about what they could do for Jim's father, and the expression of interested benevolence in Eddy's face came out on the canvas, you could not but feel how good the advice is to think on those things that are pure and lovely and of good report. To do so, makes not only a beautiful character, but a beautiful countenance.

I need hardly say the portrait gave great pleasure and was highly prized, when it reached its destination.—'Adviser.'

The Eighth Commandment.

(Florence M. Gwinn.)

'Oh, mamma, what do you think Miss Douglas is going to talk about at our meeting next Saturday afternoon?' said little Fay Leighton, as she came running into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Leighton was taking a rest after a busy forenoon's work.

'I am sure I cannot guess, dearie,' answered her mother, as she tenderly brushed the bright, golden curls off the little flushed face.

'Why, about "Thou shalt not steal," I am very sure we girls would never think of doing such a wicked thing as that,' said Fay.

'Miss Douglas is always very careful to choose a subject which will benefit you, and no doubt she has some wise plan in view, my dear, if you like I will tell you a true story.'

'Oh, yes, please do, mamma,' begged Fay.

'Well, bring your chair here beside me.'

'Many years ago a little girl went with her mother one day to visit a neighbor. The country where Lilly lived, for that was the little girl's name, was very new, and she had no nice toys like you to play with, not even a rag doll, for her mamma was always too busy to find time to make one. It was impossible to buy such a thing as a toy at the country store where her papa did his dealing, even if they had had the money to spare. Thus you see, dearie, Lilly had to be content to play with flowers, mosses, and the little acorn cups which she found in the woods. Sometimes she would play for hours in the sand, and it was great fun to build a mountain, or scoop out a well, or make a wide desert, or a little crooked furrow for a brook. There was no end of things she could do with the sand.

'Well, on this day of which I speak, Mrs. Beach, at whose house they were visiting, gave Lilly a little sugar bowl to play with. Lilly thought she had never seen anything quite so pretty. How she longed to have it for her own, and after a while the wish to possess it became so very strong, that Lilly thought to herself: "Now, if I put this little bowl into my pocket and take it home with me, Mrs. Beach will never miss it, and if she does she will think that it has been mislaid." But, a small, still voice, which we call conscience, and which is God's voice in the heart, whispered softly to Lilly: "If you take the bowl it will be stealing, and how can you say your prayers to-night? Then you will not enjoy playing with it, for it will remind you of your sin." For a long time Lilly hesitated, but at last determined to obey the voice of conscience. She put the bowl up on the cupboard, and soon after was playing merrily with the baby. Our hearts are always light when we do what is right. As they were getting ready to go home, Mrs. Beach, taking the cup in her hand, said: "You can have this, Lilly. It belonged to a little set of dishes mother gave me when a child." You can imagine how thankful Lilly was then that she had not stolen the little bowl. It was a lesson that she never forgot.'

'Did you know that little girl, mamma?' asked Fay.

'Very well, indeed, for it was myself.'

'Oh, mamma, I never thought of your name being Lilly,' cried Fay.

'And, dearie, there are things we can steal more valuable than gold or silver. If we wrongfully injure the good name of our playmates, we steal their good character from them. No doubt Miss Douglas will tell you all about it at your meeting.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Told a Lie With His Finger.

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing. We ought never to trifle with the truth. — 'Children's Friend.'

What Happened to the Caterpillar.

It was a warm day in October, and Ray sat on the grass playing with his little red express waggon. After a while he ran off to get some acorns, and when he came back what do yor suppose he found? A fuzzy brown caterpillar right down in the bottom of his waggon.

Soon it was supper time, so he put the waggon away in his playroom, but bright and early the next morning he came back to see how the caterpillar liked its new home, and he found that something very strange had happened. The little brown visitor was gone, and

IT SPREAD ITS DAINTY WINGS.

in the waggon was only something that looked like a tiny bundle rolled up in coarse spider webs. When Ray's mamma saw the bundle she told him that it was a cocoon, and that the caterpillar was fast asleep inside.

The cocoon lay on the shelf all winter. One early summer morning when Ray went to look at it he found a little hole in it, and you never can guess what had happened to the caterpillar. Instead of being a brown worm any longer, when it crept out of the cocoon it was a beautiful butterfly, that spread its dainty wings and flew away into the sunshine.—'Sunbeam.'

Be In Time.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done
This is how the goal's attained,
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

—Waif.

Prohibition.

(By Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.')

The Doctor arose, 'Yes, friends, I favor
License for selling of rum.
These fanatics tell us with horror
Of the mischief liquor has done,
I say as a man and physician,
The system's requirements are such
That, unless we, at times, assist nature
Both body and mind suffer much.
'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary—
A moderate drink now and then.'
From the minister back behind the pulpit
Comes an audible murmur, 'Amen.'

''Tis true that many have fallen,
Become filthy drunkards and worse—
Harmed others—no, I don't uphold them,
They made their blessing a curse,
Must I be denied for their sinning?
Must the weak ones govern the race?
Why! every good thing God has given
Is a terror and curse out of place,
'Tis only excess that destroys us,
A little is good now and then.'
From the gray-haired, pious old deacon
Came a fervent, loud-spoken, 'Amen.'

A murmur arose from the people,
From the lips of the listening throng,
They came from their homes with a purpose
To crush out, and trample out, wrong,
But their time honored, worthy physician,
Grown portly in person and purse,
Had shown in the demon of darkness,
A blessing instead of a curse.
And now they were eager, impatient
To vote when the moment should come
They felt it their right and their duty,
To license the selling of rum.

Then up from a seat in the corner,
From the midst of a murmuring throng,
From among the people there gathered,
To crush out, and trample out, wrong,
'Rose a woman—her thin hands extended,
While out from the frost-covered hair,
Gazed a face as if chiseled in marble;
A face stamped with utter despair.
The vast throng grew hushed in a moment
Grew silent with terror and dread.
They gazed on the face of the woman
As we gaze on the face of the dead.

Then the hush and the silence was broken,
And a voice so shrill and so clear
Rang out through the room: 'Look upon me,
You wonder what chance brought me here.
You know me, and now you all hear me,
I speak to you, lovers of wine,
For once I was young, rich, and happy,
Home, husband and children were mine.'

'Where are they? I ask you where are they?
My beautiful home went to pay
The deacon who sold them the poison,
That dragged them down lower each day.
I plead, I besought, I entreated;
I showed them the path they were in,
But the deacon said—they believed him,
'That only excess was a sin.'

'Where are they? I ask you where are they?
False teacher of God's holy word,
My husband, my kind loving husband,
Whom my tears and prayers would have stirred,
Remembered your teachings, turned from me,
My kneeling and pleading with him,
'A God-given blessing,' you told him,
"And only excess was a sin."'

'And where are my boys? God forgive you,
They heeded your counsels, not mine,
You, doctor, beloved and respected,
Could see no danger in wine.
For my boys, brave, tender, and manly,
How could I hope ever to win?
When the doctor said "'Twas a blessing
And only excess was a sin."'

'There were hands reached for their ruin,
Mine only was reached out to save.
They lie side by side in your churchyard,
Each filling a drunkard's grave.
I have come from the poor-house to tell you
My story, and now it is done.
Go on, if you will, in your madness,
And license the selling of rum.'

'Before the great judgment eternal,
When the last dread moment has come,
They'll stand there to witness against you,
My dear ones, the victims of rum.
When the shadows of earth are lifted,
And life's secret thoughts are laid bare,
By the throne of the great Eternal,
I shall witness against you there.'

Note.—This incident is true. When the woman had finished her pitiful story, the people, including the doctor, the minister and the deacon, voted with one accord for prohibition.

Bishop Potter's Reason.

If a man's heart is enlisted, he can, by the help of God, deny every faculty and appetite which tempts him to evil. 'Doctor,' said a lady at a fashionable dinner party a few years ago, to the present Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York City, 'I observe that you take no wine.' 'No,' said Dr. Potter, 'I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years.' She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. 'It may interest you to know why I abstain,' said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. 'I will tell you, A man with an unconquerable passion for drink came frequently to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him, on account of his terrible habit. One day I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in his help, I will never taste liquor again?' The man said, "Docotor, if you were in my place, you would not say that," I answered, "Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment"—and I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation. Then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice, he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body, found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man.' Dr. Potter was able to do that because his heart was in it. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Poisoned.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon young men and young women that pictures of vice hung in the living room of the human soul cannot he turned to the wall. These pictures may be obtained by reading bad books, by hearing vile language, or by looking upon scenes of vice, but the damage once done is irreparable. Dr. Newman, in the course of one of his strong and delicate analyses of the phenomena of the human soul, remarks that the knowledge of evil 'is a curse, and that knowledge once obtained will obtrude itself upon the soul in its very highest and holiest moments, and will infect heaven with the odor of the pit. The man who willingly and without the pressure of the most absolute necessity gains a knowledge of vice, has fixed upon his mind reflections from the pit. He has actually drawn near to the very flames of hell.—'Zion's Watchman.'

Mamma Did Not Want to be Seen.

The pastor went to call at a house, says an exchange. He rang the front door bell. It was not answered. He tried the lock on the front door, but the door did not open. Presently a child came from the back entrance. 'We cannot open the front door, today,' she said. 'Mamma would like you to come round to the back door.' He obeyed. He found 'mamma' over a wash-tub, washing with her right hand, holding the baby in her left hand. The hand that she was using in washing had one finger done up.

'What is the matter with your finger, Mrs. Sorrowful?'

At first she hesitated to answer, but by degrees the pastor learned that her husband, in his drunken rage, had bitten the finger savagely.

'Where is your husband to-day?' also the pastor asked.

The little child answered, 'He is lying on the floor, in the front hall, up against the door. Papa is sick to-day.'

Oh, what a curse is this curse!

A Child's Experience.

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper, on which was printed the question: 'What have I to be thankful for?' Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience, the painful truth it implied: 'I am thankful there are no public-houses in heaven.'

What it Leads to.

'A cigarette properly made for a long draw, must contain something to produce a pleasant anticipated effect to satisfy the crave for it, and tobacco prepared in any other way will not take its place. The smoke, laden with particles of poison, is drawn deeply into the lungs and forced out through the nose in order that it be brought in contact with as much mucous membrane as possible. Tobacco is ruinous to the young, dwarfing the body and mind. The boy cigarette smoker soon feels the need of additional stimulation. He must result to alcohol, or more naturally, to opium or he will soon break down and become imbecile with tobacco or drug heart and shattered nerve. He is a self-made, typical degenerate. Cigarette smoking irritates or poisons the mucous membranes, perverting action, affecting digestion, brain, heart, lungs, and liver, shatters the nervous system and ruins body and mind. More young men are led to the opium habit by cigarette smoking than by patent and proprietary medicines. Sixty percent of all males under forty years of age treated at Dwight for opium, morphine or cocaine using in 1896, had been smokers of cigarettes and had no other excuse for their habits than that they needed some stimulant more than that furnished by the cigarette.'—B. Broughton, M.D., in 'Christian Citizen.'

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 19.

John's Message About Sin and Salvation.

I. John i., 5 to ii., 6.

Read the First Epistle of John. Commit verses i., 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'—I. John i., 9.

Home Readings.

M. I. John i., 1-2: 6.—John's message about sin and salvation.
T. I. John ii., 7-29.—'This is the promise . . Eternal life.'
W. I. John iii., 1-12.—'Sin is the transgression of the Law.'
Th. I. John iii., 13-24.—'He laid down his life for us.'
F. I. John v., 1-21.—'God hath given to us eternal life.'
S. Rom. v., 1-21.—Reconciled to God by Christ's death.
S. Rom. viii., 1-17.—'Free from the law of sin and death.'

Lesson Story.

John, 'the Apostle of Love,' writes a letter brimming over with love to all disciples of Jesus. His first words are of Jesus who was with God from the beginning, and who was manifested in the flesh, that all men through him might have eternal life.

John proclaims the message he has heard from the Son of God, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. Darkness can not exist in light, therefore if we are walking with God we are not walking in darkness. Those who walk in the light and love of God are drawn to each other by the same love and sympathies, we have fellowship with each other in Jesus. And the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.

Those who say they are not sinners in need of a Saviour are deceiving themselves and making a fearful mistake. Jesus has promised to forgive all repentant sinners and his word can not be broken. He longs to forgive the sins which he has already atoned for in his own body on the tree. But without confession and repentance there can be no acceptance of pardon. If we will not acknowledge our sin and need of pardon we practically say that his word is not true. If we have not sinned there was no need of Christ's atonement. If there was no need of Christ's atonement, then there is no sin or sorrow in the world, nor ever has been.

For all sinners, Jesus Christ stands before his Father as Advocate, being himself the propitiation for their sins. If we know him we must keep his commandments. If we do not obey him, it is a lie to say that we love him. He who keeps the word of God thereby shows his love to God. He who says he abides in Christ, must prove it, by living as Christ lived here.

Lesson Hints.

John is supposed to have been the youngest of the twelve apostles. He speaks of himself as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved,' implying that between these two there existed a tender sympathetic intimacy such as none of the others could understand at the time.

John was an old man when he wrote these epistles, probably between eighty and ninety-five. The date of writing is rather uncertain, and the place was either Ephesus or Patmos, to which island John was banished during the latter years of his life. From Patmos he wrote the wonderful Book of Revelation.

'Message'—a word meaning promise, wherever found in the New Testament.

'God is light'—God's nature is expressed by the three most potent forces of the universe, Light, Life and Love.

'Fellowship'—friendship. Abraham was called the friend of God, because he believed and obeyed him. There can be no fellowship where there is the darkness of insincerity and disobedience.

'Do not the truth'—our lives as well as our words are false.

'Walk in the light'—in the presence of God, keeping close to our Guide, Jesus Christ. 'We have fellowship one with another'—

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth *us from* all sin?—'Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins.' (Matt. i., 21.) 'Without shedding of blood is no remission. So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many: and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.' (Heb. ix., 22, 28.)

'For if the blood of bulls, and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the Eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God? (Heb. ix., 13, 14.)

'He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses: of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of Grace?' (Heb. x., 29.)

'Cleanseth'—is continually cleansing those who abide in Christ from all sin, known and unknown, conforming us to his own image.

'We make him a liar'—No opinions or suppositions of our will ever alter God's word. We have the distinct statement that God cannot lie, it is impossible, 'yea, let God be true, but every man a liar.' (Rom. iii., 4.) God's word is truth, and everything contrary to it, false.

'If any man sin'—the enemy is constantly laying pitfalls and snares for us, the slightest deviation from the right path leads us into sin.

'Advocate'—The word in the Greek is the same as 'Comforter,' one called alongside of to help and strengthen.'

'Jesus Christ, the righteous' — 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' (Isa. lxiv., 6.) 'I count all things but loss . . . . that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is of the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.' (Phil. iii., 8, 9.)

Lesson Hymn.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.
—Rev. J. Newton, 1779.

Primary Lesson.

'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

When an animal is first caught in a trap or cage it feels very much frightened, and makes many efforts and struggles to be free. But after it has been there for some time it settles down more quietly. Whether it has been numbed with the restraint, or wearied by its useless struggles, or injured in some way we cannot tell.

Suppose we loose the trap, open the door of the cage and give liberty to the captive, will the bird immediately fly upward with a glad song? Will the squirrel at once bound over the grass to the nearest tree, and then high in the leafy branches chatter with glee over his escape? That would seem the most natural thing to do would it not? Yet some of these little creatures are so foolish that they do not seem to know when they are free and so stay in trap or cage long after the door has been opened, and the way made for them to escape.

Does that remind you of anything you ever heard before?

Little children, as well as older people, are often caught in Satan's traps of temptation. Jesus comes and opens the door of their prison, making a way for them to escape from their sins. Yet some are as foolish as the little birds who stay in the cage after the door is opened—they will not come out of their bondage. Bondage means being a slave to some one. Those who will not obey Jesus are in bondage to the enemy of their souls. Those who think they can be good enough themselves without trusting Jesus to save them, do not even know that they are in a trap.

Those who see that they are sinners and confess—that is, tell Jesus that they are sorry for all their sins, will be at once forgiven. Jesus bore the punishment of all our sins by dying on the cross for us, so he has power to forgive our sins and wash away all the stain of guilt. With his own precious blood he cleanses us.

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

God and truth and heaven are associated with light, while Satan, sin and hell, are always enveloped in darknes. Verse 5: Jude 6-13.

Profession without possession is hypocrisy. Possession without profession is disloyalty to the King. Verse 6: also Rom. x., 9.

Close communion with Christ is the best antidote to sin. Verse 7.

Sin and truth are sworn enemies, and truth ever leads her followers to victory. Verses 8 and 10.

While sometimes 'open confession is good for the soul,' there are trials and temptations that should be told to Jesus alone. Verse 9.

Only One was connected with sin, without becoming contaminated, and that same one is our only deliverer from the love and dominion of sin. Verses 1-2.

Obedience is the test of discipline, and love is the mainspring of obedience. Verses 3, 4, 5: also, John xiv., 15. Revised version.

The manhood of Christ is the only safe model after which to fashion our lives, while his Godhead we may trust and admire. Verse 6: Coloss. ii., 9.

Tiverton, Ont.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Weeping will not save me,' 'What can wash away my sins?', 'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,' 'Blessed be the fountain of blood,' 'I heard the voice of Jesus say.'

Search Questions.

How many references are there in the Epistles of John to the Gospel written by him?

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Dec. 19.—Our sins and how to get rid of them.—Luke xiii., 23-30.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Dec. 19.—What are some of our sins and how can we get rid of them?—Luke xiii., 23-30.

Sunday-schools ought to be made to embrace the entire younger population of every community. With the International Lesson Papers and the multitude of aids provided by expert writers, there ought now to be no difficulty in securing sound instruction even in obscure schools. It ought to be considered a moral and intellectual disgrace to any family not to send its children to Sabbath-school.—Joseph Cook.

HOUSEHOLD.

Why Do We Wait?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love in ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our 'alabaster box
Of ointment' at the very last!

Oh, let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways,
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—British Weekly.

Tom and His Teachers.

(By Bishop John H. Vincent, Chautauqua.)

Tom, the average boy, has many teachers besides professional ones. Father's remarks at the breakfast table about the abominably weak coffee, the way mother speaks to the servants or talks about her callers of the afternoon before, have a great influence upon Tom. The pictures in the home, the circus posters, the theatre bills, are all educators for good or bad. I think the time is coming when the women of our cities will go in a body to the municipal authorities and demand that the outrageous caricatures be torn down. The architecture of the school-house, the tones of the teacher's voice, the atmosphere in which Tom sleeps may determine the motives of his life. I shall consider some minor matters which Tom's teachers must teach Tom, and some radical lessons which are quite as important. First among minor matters, Tom should be taught to think on his own hook, to exercise his own judgment. He must acquire the faculty of formulating premises and drawing his own conclusions from them, the power of saying and doing the right thing at the right time. When he has learned to find, without hesitation, a practical answer to meet an emergency, he has advanced farther in his education than he would have done by the memorizing and recitation of whole chapters. Common sense is not born in a boy; it must be developed.

Tom should be taught to observe the realities of nature and of life. He has native power for such observation, and it ought to be cultivated. Then, too, he must learn to report accurately what he sees. There is an ethical principle at the basis of all study. Tom's teachers should teach him to report what he sees in good English; and in this work they need the co-operation of the parents. Tom should learn to be an altruist, to take other people into account in the ordering of his daily life, for the habit of unselfish living is the corner-stone of all that is valuable in culture. He should have reverence for old age, whether it is clad in broadcloth or in linsey-woolsey.

Now for the radical lessons which Tom must learn. He must be taught to consider himself a person and not a thing, a cause and not an effect. There is current an idea which receives its support from weak fiction, cheap lecture platforms, and even from shabby pulpits—the idea that men are the creatures of circumstance and environment, that evil tendencies are the result of the choice of a great-grandfather. Tom must learn that he is in the world for the purpose of overcoming heredity, breaking through environment, and putting circumstances under foot, and he must stand a man, not a thing. I take great stock in a boy who is courageous enough to assert his principles in spite of "the fellows"; such a boy is a power and not a piece of putty.

Knowing that he is a power, Tom must be taught to be independent and to earn his own way. And this applies to girls as well as to boys. I detest tramps, rich and poor. When Tom has learned to be independent himself, he will respect others who have to earn their own way in the world. Again, Tom's teachers must teach him that he, being a power, and independent, should not forget the law of interdependence. That is why I like the public school. It brings future citizens together on an equal footing. It is a good thing for broadcloth and homespun to sit side by side; it doesn't hurt homespun, and it does broadcloth good.

Tom's most effective teacher, when the boy is between 14 and 21, is the man for whom he works, and who pays him money. Here Tom's parents have a responsibility. They must choose his employer wisely. Finally, I would say, never give Tom up. If his teacher is cross and sarcastic, take up a missionary collection and send that teacher to the North Pole. Remember that some boys do not mature until they are 25, and some men have astonished the world at 50. The stupid school-boy of to-day may be the valedictorian at college, the statesman of future years. Again I say, never give Tom up! — 'Educational Record.'

Confidence and Candor in Home Relationships.

(By Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.)

Our sons and daughters are, from motives of mistaken kindness, kept in ignorance of their parents' struggles for a foothold in the world. They would willingly share the sacrifices if they were admitted into the confidence of their fathers and mothers, but, kept on the outside, they misjudge and resent where they might help and encourage. Fathers grow old prematurely in their efforts to meet the demands made by their families, the families straining after a false standard of living, the young people indignant that certain restrictions are placed upon them which seem unnecessary and despotic, while, if only the household life were built upon perfect sincerity, burdens would be distributed and trials would grow light. In temporalities, at least, the ideal home should be fortified by sincerity.

The rule works in another way and has its exceptions, which are equally unjust in another department. A year ago, in a Western town, a man died, all of whose life, so far as his family knew, had been a losing battle. Strenuous care had been the portion of his wife, constant and irritating limitations had hedged about his children, and his own days had been passed in a long and exhausting strife to make both ends meet. Lo! when he had been laid to rest with his fathers it transpired that the toiler had been laying up treasures and that he had left a large fortune, into the possession of which the bewildered heirs came, pleased perhaps, but still hurt that their lives had been needlessly clouded and hampered through the father's iron will and relentless self-denial. The wife, kept back, like a child, from acquaintance with her husband's affairs, was ill prepared for the changed conditions, and for the older children the change came too late to give them the culture and the wider opportunities they should have had in full measure at an earlier period. Deceit, even for a purpose of ultimate advantage, is never justifiable. Who erects his house on falsehood builds on the shifting sands.

The very tenderness of love sometimes seeks refuge in the veiling of truth in home relationships. We see in one very dear to us a defect of manner, a fault which mars the otherwise lovely and amiable character and hinders the symmetry which we desire to see from gaining its just proprotions; yet we hesitate to speak, are evasive or silent, or cowardly, where to speak in plainness and gentleness would be kind. 'Experience will teach that child,' we say, forgetful that experience is often a very hard taskmaster, whose wounds are grievous and leave ineffaceable scars. Surely from the lips of the home circle the truth might be borne, and candor of true love might aid the one criticised to escape into freedom from the fault which invited censure.

When our heavenly Father set us into groups and families and households, and gave us the strong bond of blood relationship, the tender tie of kith and kin, it must have been because in this way we could reach our highest development and attain to our noblest possibilities. That each family may arrive at the fullest and most sacred ideal of Christian living there must needs be entire confidence in one another, and a continual and faithful striving to abide in the service and love of God.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Tapioca Cream.—Soak half a cup of tapioca in cold water for an hour or two, then put it over in a double boiler and add milk to make a quart in all. Let it cook slowly for hours, until the tapioca is almost dissolved. Add a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir for two or three minutes to cook the eggs, and remove from the fire. Flavor delicately, and stir in the whites of the eggs, beaten to a very stiff froth. Set on the ice and serve very cold.

Mashed Potatoes and Ham. — A new dish for breakfast consists of mashed potatoes and lean cooked ham. Mash half a dozen boiled potatoes, and season with butter, milk, salt and pepper. Mix with the potatoes two heaping tablespoonfuls of ham chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a teaspoonful of onion juice, if you like it. Beat until very light, and turn into a buttered baking dish. Smooth and scatter the top with a layer of fine stale bread crumbs. Brown in the oven. If mashed potatoes that are left over are used for the dish, you should heat them before mixing with the other ingredients.

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